

Börkur Sigurbjörnsson

Gravity

flash fiction



Urban Volcano

Gravity

Börkur Sigurbjörnsson

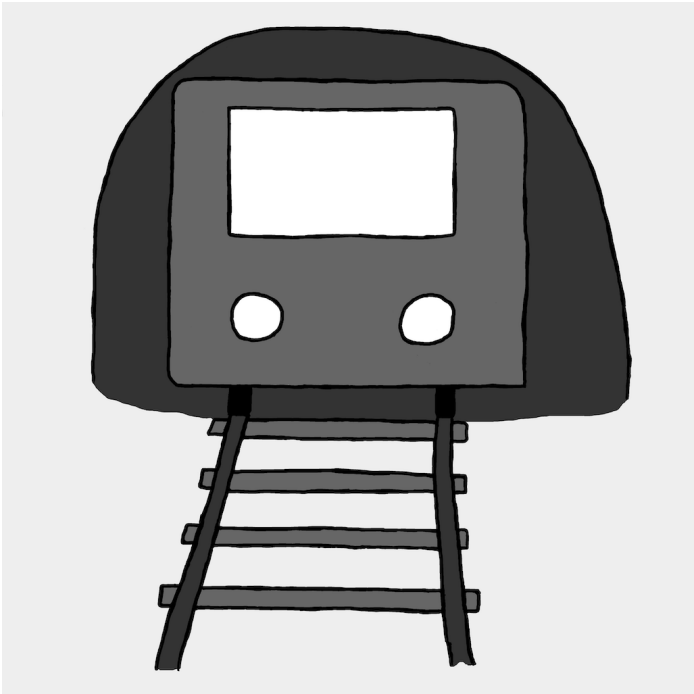
Creative Commons (BY-NC-ND) – 2024
<https://creativecommons.org/licenses/by-nc-nd/4.0/>

Illustrations: Börkur Sigurbjörnsson

Publisher: Urban Volcano

<https://urbanvolcano.net/>

This story can be reproduced by any means one can think of, such as, but not limited to, photocopying, chiseling into a limestone rock, or reading out-loud during a work-related Zoom conference call from a bathtub at midsummer solstice, provided that the author is referenced, the content is not modified, and the reproduction is not done commercially.



GRAVITY

Brendan felt gravity pull at his mind and body as he descended with the escalator, down into the dome between the subway platforms, staring into the void between scarcely lit concrete walls and feeling as if he were looking into a mirror of his own soul. His head was blank and nearly all physical energy had been drained from his body.

At the bottom of the stairs, he dragged his feet along the largely deserted platform, toward the opposite end where he sat down on a vacant bench. He wanted to keep as large a

distance as possible between himself and the few passengers who were still about at this late hour.

Brendan wanted to be all alone. Alone with his thoughts. The stray images that kept jumping in and out of the black canvas that covered the back of his head. He tried, in vain, to pin the images down, arrange them into a complete picture—a collage of his hopeless situation.

It wasn't as if Brendan hadn't tried all he could. He had definitely tried. He had pitched. He had argued. He had pleaded. He had begged. Yet, all his efforts had been futile. The answers had been no, no and no. There was no more money to be had. No more patience. No more line of credit. He had lost all hope of being able to free himself from the knot he found himself tied in.

Brendan heard the train approaching. A faint glow lit up the dark opening of the tunnel. He stood up and walked over to the edge of the platform, so close that his weary body struggled to keep balance. The light at the tunnel mouth grew brighter. The noise became louder. A gentle breeze played with the locks of his hair as the headlights rushed toward him. He felt the pressure. He closed his eyes.

When Brendan opened his eyes again, the train had stopped and was standing by the platform with its doors ajar. He stepped in and let his body collapse into an empty seat. As things were standing, there wasn't much he could do. Nothing besides heading home and try to get a few hours of sleep before he had to go to the office in the morning, face his employees

and tell them the hard truth—deliver them the bad news. Tell them that the company was bankrupt.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Börkur is an avid storyteller with a keen eye for quirky characters, funny dialogs and vivid scenario descriptions. Much of his writing falls within the genre of realistic fiction and his stories are more often than not based on real events in the author's life. Although the tales contain grains of truth, they are melded with fiction, making the reader curious to know the line between reality and fantasy.

Books

Among Other Things, flash fiction (2024)

Talk To Strangers, short stories (2019)

Flash 52, flash fiction (2017)

999 Abroad, short stories (2012)

Links

Börkur Sigurbjörnsson

Urban Volcano